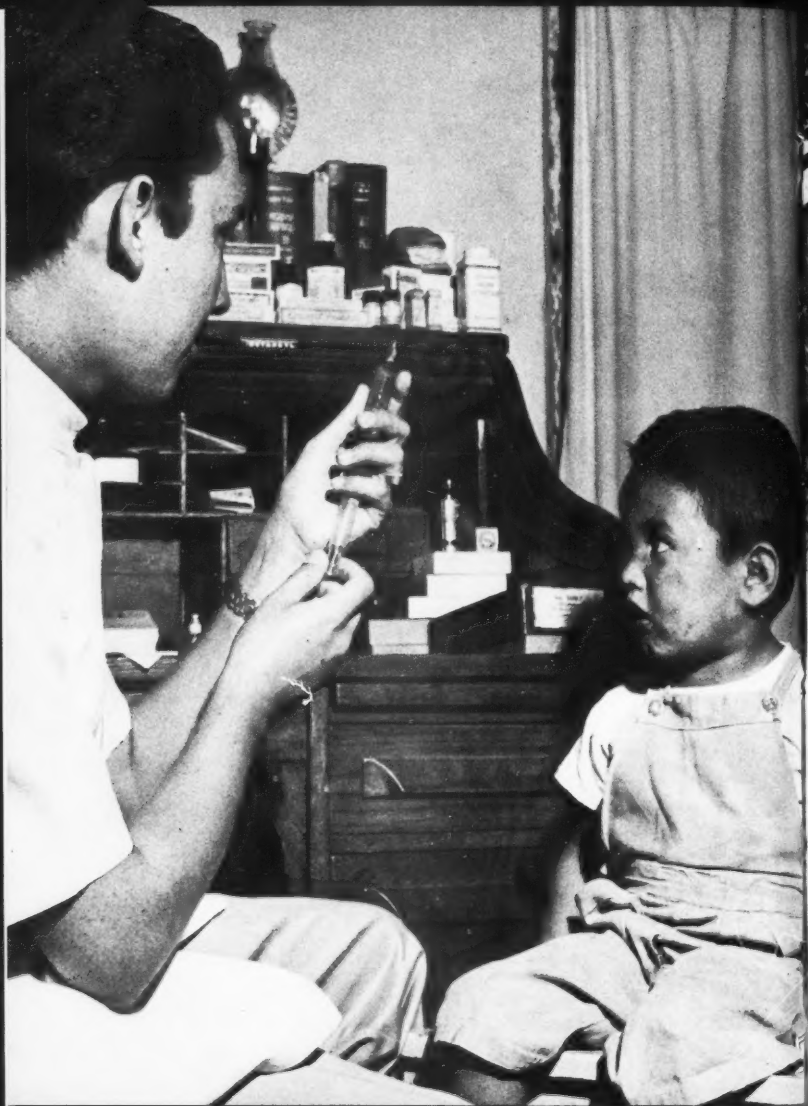


JANUARY 1959

Maryknoll



Understanding Latin-American Catholicism...p. 20



"IS IT GONNA HURT, DOC?" Little Diego's imagination holds him hypnotized as he watches this Mexican doctor prepare an injection. Modern medicine gives the world's children a better chance at life.



30 DAYS FROM NOWHERE

Up a lazy river with a missioner who takes everything in stride, from broken motors to storms.

BY THOMAS P. COLLINS, M.M.

JANUARY, 1959

■ FOR SOME TIME I had been planning a river trip to the Cavinass Mission. One morning, after Mass and breakfast, five of us began the long voyage from Fortaleza: my mechanic, Don Luis; the teacher from the mission, Senor Loaisa; a boy from Fortaleza; Senor Sorruccho, who had come to Fortaleza for medicines; and myself. We were not far up-river when, about every twenty minutes, the motor began to give trouble. At each failure, Don Luis would get his tools out, tighten up a few bolts here and there, and off we would go again.

About half past two in the afternoon, the motor gave out. We pulled over to the shore, and Don Luis took the fuel pump apart. From that moment on, the fuel pump was to pump no more! We worked on it all after-



Father Collins, River Padre

noon, but without success. At sundown, after a cold supper of hot-dogs and beans, the five of us got our beds ready in the little boat, which measures about three feet in width and fifteen feet in length. When we turned in for the night, it was beautiful weather; cool, clear, and no sign of rain. But it was too good to be true. From one o'clock in the morning until five, there was nothing but wind and rain. There is nothing more uncomfortable than a bed full of water.

Next morning, Don Luis and the teacher took the boat and headed for Natividad. From there, they were to go by land to the mission and try to fix the pump. If they had luck, they would be back in three days. The boat had not been gone a half hour when far off in the direction of Fortaleza, we heard the *put-put* of a Diesel motor. Our men in the boat heard it too, and

returned. A half hour later, the Zeitun Motor arrived. When Don Luis told the commandant about our bad luck, the officer was not too eager to help us, but gradually he agreed to tow the boat to San Antonio and take all of us to the Mission Cavinass.

We arrived at the mission about eight o'clock at night. It was good to see Father Laszewski; and the next day, when Father McGowan arrived, we had a reunion of "river men."

On Friday of that week, Father Laszewski sent a group of men up the River Madidi to cut logs. I took advantage of the trip to visit a settlement. The good Catholics were glad to see me because it had been two years since a Padre had visited. Next day, we had Mass in the school, and I was surprised to see so many people.

After the baptisms and confirmations, six couples presented themselves to have their marriages validated. In river settlements there is no time to give much instruction to persons who want to get married. Everything has to be done right away. Most of the applicants never had gone to confession; practically none of the women knew their correct ages. With most brides, however, you can make an accurate guess—particularly when they have children who are advanced in years.

It is not uncommon here for girls of twelve years to marry. Sometimes the data we get about them from people who, we think, are reliable

witnesses are far from accurate. Recently, a young girl presented herself to have her marriage validated. Her age could have been anywhere from fourteen to twenty — judging by externals. But one witness told me: "She is old, Padre! In 1938, when I returned from military service she was about six years old." That would make her around twenty-six — according to his testimony. Later, when I had a chance to see the girl's baptismal record in Cavinass, I found that she was only fifteen years old.

After getting all the data, and giving what little instruction I could, we had the marriage ceremony. Most of the brides appeared with one child in arms — who was usually taking nourishment — and one or two tugging at their skirts. Amid a lot of crying, I joined the couples in wedlock until death do them part. There were no frills, no expensive dresses, no tuxedos — but it was a marriage ceremony nevertheless. The couples were proud to be *bien casados*, or well married.

In Santa Ana, I met an old Czech who at one time had lived in California. Most of his life was spent in traveling from one country to another, from one kind of work to another. Now, with some sixty years behind him, he had finally settled "away from it all" in this little, isolated spot. He earns a living doing carpentry and odd jobs. He spends every Sunday fishing and hunting.

I asked him if he had any desire to go back to a city like San Francisco. He answered: "No, Padre! Here I have a tranquil existence. There is nobody to bother me, and

OUR ADDRESS?



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I can do just what I want to do."

After a week in Santa Ana, I left for Todos Santos on the River Beni. When I arrived, most of the people were sick with influenza. We had the same program as in Santa Ana — baptisms, confirmations, and marriages. Five couples presented themselves for marriage. I baptized their children in the afternoon and married the couples in the evening.

A big party followed the marriage ceremony; so of course, some of the newly wed gentlemen drank a little too much. At two o'clock in the morning there was a lively fight in Todos Santos. However, since I had done my duty in marrying the couples, I just rolled over in my sleeping bag and hoped that nobody would get killed.

The next day took me to Natividad where I had a few baptisms and said Mass for the people. One of the women in Natividad was literally "burning" with malaria when I arrived. I gave her three camoquin pills; the next day she was weak, but her fever had subsided. Nativi-

dad used to be a settlement where many families lived and worked. They even had their own chapel. Now there are only about five families and most of the place is turning back into jungle.

Maco was my next destination. There are only a few families living there but when news got around that a Padre would be visiting, many people came from the jungle to have their children baptized and confirmed. Some of them came from centers that were three hours distant. On Sunday morning, one couple was married at a Nuptial Mass.

We returned to Cavinás, and were thrilled to find that our new motor had arrived. When we left for Rurrenabaque, the following morning, the motor worked like a charm. That night, we tied our boat to a tree stump at the entrance of Rio Negro. Next morning, the motor turned over quickly, but we could not get the gears in reverse. The pilot looked at the shaft and discovered that we had lost the propeller. Efforts to find it were in vain, so we made the rest of the journey in a balsa raft and a canoe.

On the way back to Cavinás, I was asked to stop at a small village to attend a woman who was gravely ill. When I arrived at her house, the woman was in her death agony. I gave her the Last Sacraments, and I am sure that she did not live long after. We tried to reach Cavinás that night, but were caught in a booming rainstorm and had to spend the night in a place called Candelaria.

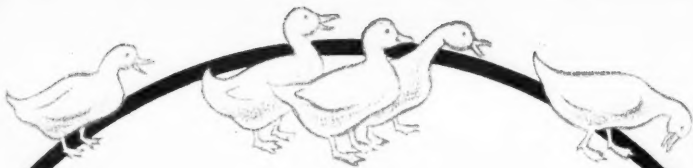
Since I had no way of getting out of Cavinás, I bought a canoe,

packed all my belongings into it, and off I went with Carlos, the young lad from Fortaleza who had been making the trip with me. We stayed overnight in Carmen Alto; we had thirteen baptisms and three marriages. The place was full of malaria, and it is a pity to see the people so weak and listless from the effects of the disease. Although there are many good medicines available to prevent malaria, nobody seems to know about them. The people are fatalists who accept sickness stoically.

After finishing all that had to be done in Carmen Alto, we took off for San Antonio. There we had to wait overnight until a few families who lived out in the woods arrived. After Mass, there were confessions, three baptisms and one marriage before breakfast.

I intended to set out for Fortaleza at dawn, but one of our famous south winds blew up, and the river was too choppy for a small canoe. Finally, the wind subsided. Then, after four hours of paddling we arrived at Fortaleza.

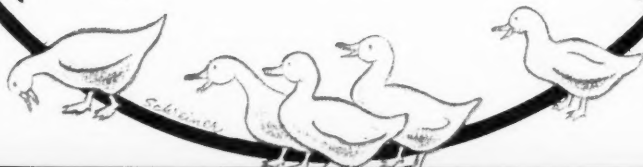
I had been out in my river parish for thirty days. As far as results were concerned, there weren't many to show — a few baptisms, confirmations and marriages. I suppose, to the practical-minded, running around up and down rivers seems like a waste of time. However, when I look back and think of the sacrifices many of those poor people made to receive the sacraments, when I think of their long journeys by canoe and on foot, to meet the Padre — I am sure all my trials were worth while. ■ ■

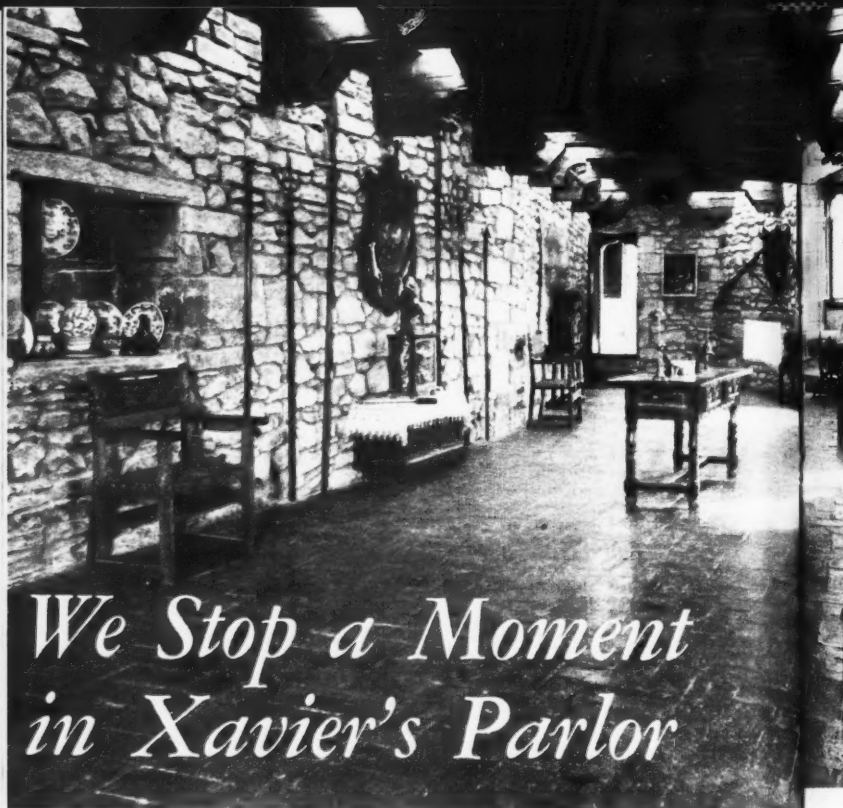


The Time of the Little Ducks

■ THE rice harvest is over on Formosa. Through the fields cropped close and bare, huge flocks of little ducks are driven. They are docile under the waving wands of the duck-herds; they seem to flow like living blankets, brown and smooth; there's hardly a tremor in them when I chug by on my motorcycle. Why ducks at this time of year? Well, Orientals never waste anything. The houseboy patiently gathers up cigarette stubs and sells them by the pound; the flat tire is a rarity because no nails are left lying on roads; in the harbors, sampans vie for refuse from anchored ships. Nothing is wasted. To get back to the little ducks. They are herded from field to field, to eat the tiny grains of rice left by the harvesters. Soon they will be little ducks no longer, but big and plump ones, ready for market and table. Waste not, want not!

—Michael J. O'Connor, M.M.





We Stop a Moment in Xavier's Parlor

Castle walls sheltered boyhood days of the Apostle of the Indies.

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ "THE PAINTINGS of the Prado? Yes, I'd like to see them. But, aside from paying you a visit, the principal reason I've come to Spain is to spend a day at the birthplace of Saint Francis Xavier."

I had only thus to make known my desire and, thanks to the old friend with whom I was staying, I was on my way. We went by car

from Madrid, the brilliant Spanish capital, to far northern Navarre, on the borders of France. My companion for this journey of almost 600 miles was José Luis Martin Agneda.

After Soria, the road was spectacularly straight, and often ran through aisles of tall poplars whose upstretched arms seemed to give added height to the vault of the bright blue sky. Villages were few but dramatic, perched on hilltops that made them visible miles away.



First likeness of St. Francis as found in chapel of Castle Xavier

Hall of Arms, main living room of the castle as recently restored

We found lower Navarre more thickly settled, a busy region where the grape vintage was in full career. We hailed friendly farmers atop their high well-constructed carts with two or three horses in file pulling the heavy loads of grapes down the road.

Pamplona, the city of Saint Ignatius, is the principal center of northern Navarre. We followed what was once the cart road from Pamplona to Jaca, in the classic

sierra region. It is harsh but healthy country, through which rolls the deep green water of the River Aragon. In the sixteenth century this was a wild and romantic land of tiny fiefs where in times of war the landed families lined up as friend or foe and sought to destroy each other's castles.

Xavier's parents brought him aristocratic blood on both sides. His father, Don Juan de Jassu, a doctor of law, was president of the Royal Council of Navarre under King John III. His mother bore the formidable name of Dona Maria de Azpiticueta y Aznarez de Sada. In

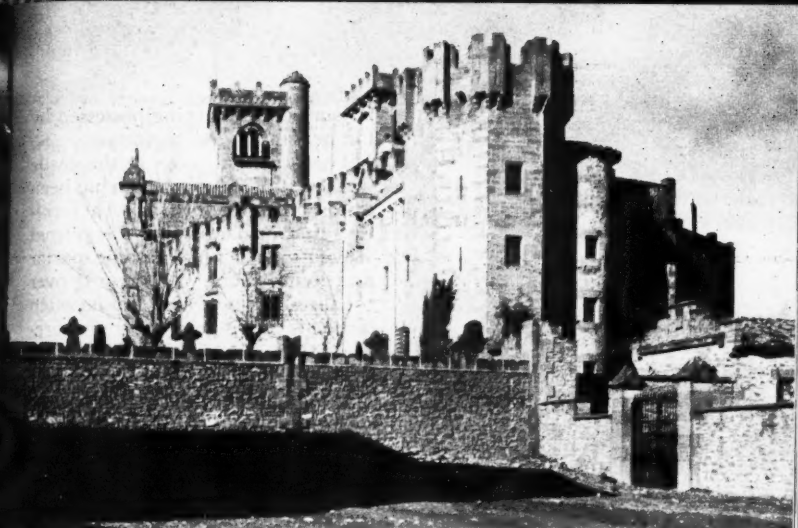


The Smiling Christ in the chapel
bespeaks exalted bliss in pain.

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Though warriors of bygone days wrought great damage to Castle Xavier, it still presents a pleasing contour against the blue skies of Navarre.

a contest shortly after Francisco was born, King John's party was defeated, Xavier's father was killed. Victorious neighbors demolished the battlements of the castle and filled in the moat. Xavier's mother came home with the corpse of her dead husband and for a time, helpless woman that she was, she could not collect the traditional share of crops from the peasants who rented the farms of the fiefdom.

We drove across the beautiful valley of ochre and green in this majestic country and entered the village of Xavier. It is a charming spot with less than a hundred native-born inhabitants, though the Jesuit family numbers more than three hundred since the Society operates an excellent preparatory school here, Xavier College.

It goes without saying that the Jesuits have always regarded this spot as one of the great landmarks of their Society, but it is only in the twentieth century that efforts have been made to restore Castle Xavier. The Fathers welcomed us warmly, and Brother Alberdi undertook to introduce me to this domicile of the Apostle of the Indies. Here Francisco was born, on April 7, 1506. Within its battered walls, he lived until he left for the University of Paris in 1525.

With the assistance of a plaster model, it was not difficult, from a vantage point on the roof terrace, to imagine the early glory of this ancient home. The oldest portion of the castle was the major central tower which had been erected in the ninth century as a blockhouse in



Statue of Our Lady in the castle

the war with the Moors. Enemies of King John tore down the bulk of that tower and its reconstruction will be a formidable task. The three wings of the original design with their subordinate towers are intact. The four gates and the ramparts above them, with the slits in the stone wall for firing at the enemy below, were destroyed. With the moat filled in, the drawbridges were likewise destroyed.

We must not get the impression, however, that anything vital to daily life in the castle was removed by the marauders. Dona Maria and her children passed in and out through the iron postern gate, which is still intact, and occupied the ample sleeping and eating quarters that

far surpassed anything possessed by the peasants of the vicinity.

The principal room in the castle was the Hall of Arms which has been restored, and adorned with furniture that in part comes down from Xavier's day. This was the parlor and living room. We stepped over the threshold on which Xavier often stepped, gazed into the huge fireplace that warmed him of a winter's evening, imagined him studying at the great table or reclining in one of the chairs.

Nearby in the castle is the family chapel, small but with a lived-in air, and important because within it hangs the Miraculous Christ, often called the Smiling Christ because of the ineffable expression that the partially opened eyes and lips present of exalted bliss in pain. Xavier when he left home was probably not particularly pious, and his early days at the university bespeak such worldliness. When in 1552, however, he lay dying on Sancian Island, off China, quite unknown to anyone in Europe, this Miraculous Christ carving suffered a bloody sweat which startled the family and awakened in its members a grave foreboding that something amiss was befalling their absent one.

Most curious reminder of the past is the castle prison. Dona Maria, although a woman, was ruler of her little fief, ten kilometers square; and as head of the territory, she had to mete out justice. The prison floor is of virgin rock, and rings for the chains are still fastened in this stone.

A wealthy family of Spain has built a modern chapel attached to

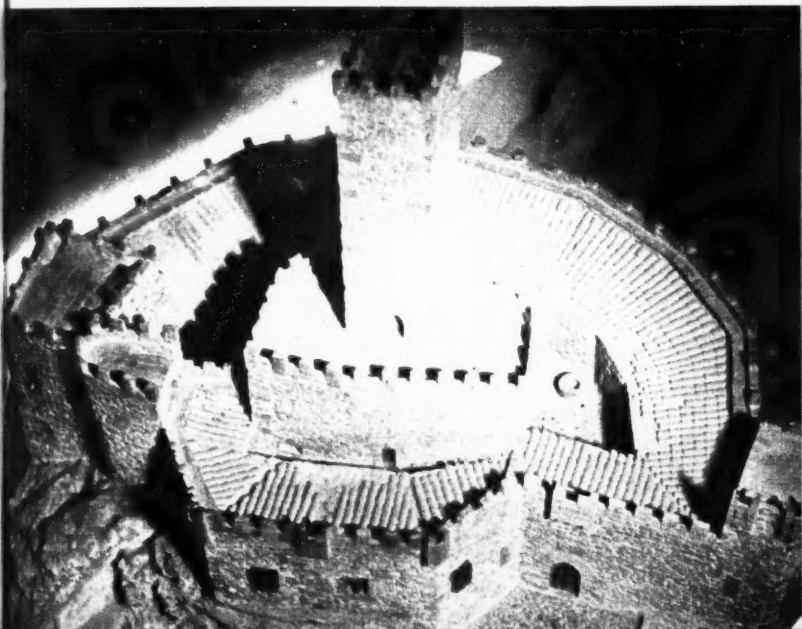
the castle, and scenes from Xavier's life are depicted in bas-relief about the main altar. Home is recognized as meaning a place of defeat for Xavier's father and of struggle by his older brothers to retrieve the family honor. Paris was a world of delusion and discovery; Xavier made conquests in his studies, in sports, and in the social whirl. Then came Ignatius of Loyola with the question: "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

At Rome in 1540, Ignatius, head of the newly-founded Jesuits, made a last-minute proposal that Xavier go to the Indies as substitute for

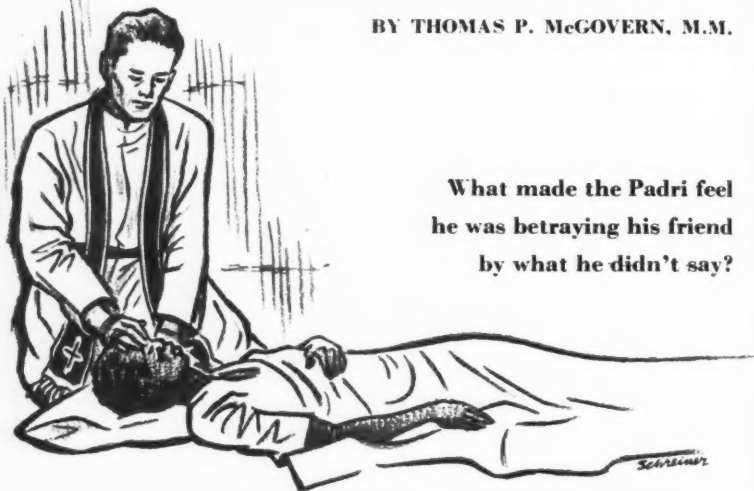
Father Nicholas Bobadilla. "Here I am, Padre," Xavier responded, "ready to go!" That was the start. He journeyed from Rome to Lisbon. From the Tower of Belem, on the banks of Lisbon's Tagus River, Xavier's party boarded its vessels. Shortly after my visit to Castle Xavier, I stood on the sandy shore of the Tagus and witnessed in my mind's eye Xavier's departure.

There followed ten years of glorious achievement — India, Ceylon, Malaya, the Moluccas, Japan, and finally the gates of China. Father Landaburu characterizes Xavier well as "the colossus of the seas and continents." ■ ■

In an inner court amid battlements Xavier and his brother played as boys.



BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.



What made the Padri feel
he was betraying his friend
by what he didn't say?

DEATH OF A HUNTER

■ OVERHEAD the birds flash bright in the acacia trees. The earth is warm even through my shoes. The indefatigable ants, in a wavering black line, trek on relentlessly. Everything seems active here in Africa; it's a teeming land, full of sound and growth and color. And yet Albinus is certainly dead. His father stands near the open grave, a quiet African, shaken with grief.

I cannot help becoming involved. A wise man is detached, serene: all is passing. But grief is as contagious as fever. What can I say to a man whose only son is dead?

The mourners stand in a haphazard circle around the grave. The men are bareheaded and mute as

stones. The women support each other in attitudes of grief and make soft cries, "My child! My child!"

I wait until they fill in the grave and plant a branch of the acacia tree in each corner of the mound. Then I walk back to the church with the servers.

Last night the women at Albinus' house were beginning to wail as I entered the yard. I walked past the men who had risen from around the fire. They all bowed from the waist in silence.

Within the house there was a storm lantern burning, making a confusion of shadows. The light caught the upturned faces of the women, who were beginning to

wail, sitting close together on the dirt floor, rocking back and forth. The bed was in the far corner of the room, under a colored picture of King George VI, torn from a Sunday newspaper.

Albinus' aunt was sitting on the bed, cradling his head in her lap. She looked very severe and did not move at all except to brush away from Albinus the flies that had been attracted by the light.

He was breathing very slowly, in and out, fully, loudly. He seemed to be using all his energy just to breathe. He was wrapped tightly in a blanket, his forehead glistening.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"I'm fine," he said. "I'm all right. Just a little sick."

Albinus was a good-natured boy; it had always been easy to make him laugh. It was strange to see him lying there. Only last Saturday, after confessions, we had gone hunting for birds with an air rifle; we and about five others.

I had jokingly told them that it was a rare thing for me to miss a shot, and that in America I had quite a reputation with a gun. Even Albinus had taken that seriously, so when we saw no birds, I was not too displeased. We followed footpaths and trampled through the *merebwa* gardens and threw dirt at likely bushes, but we could find no birds.

I had become quite cocky then and exaggerated my stealth in stalking, with much pausing and sidling and ducking. Some of the boys were annoyed with me until Albinus laughed, and then it was all right. They all laughed.

"Where does it hurt?" I asked.

Albinus moved his hand slowly and placed it on his stomach. "In here. It hurts quite a bit."

"I'm sorry."

"I know, *Tata*."

The women in the house began to say the Rosary. It was deafening. Each "Hail Mary" gathered up like a wave from all around us and building, broke, toppling over in a roar of words. Albinus was lucid and followed with interest everything I did. He had his rosary beads gripped in his hand. One by one, they moved through his fingers as he joined in the prayers.

When I finished giving him the Last Rites, the women were still praying, so I knelt down with them. Albinus turned over on his side and looked at me. Even among that throng, he seemed lonely, and I did not know what I could do for him.

"*Tata*," he said, when the Rosary was finished. "Will you hunt again on Saturday?"

"I will. Will you come?"

"Oh," he said, smiling, shaking his head, "I don't know. I don't think so."

"Listen," I said to him, "you come. Don't joke with me."

"I would like to come."

"Well, then, come," I said. "Don't start joking." "All right," he said and smiled again. I wanted very much to say something that would help my dying friend; something that would keep that loneliness away from him. But I couldn't. I felt, seeing his look, that I was betraying him.

At the door I turned and waved to him. "Saturday," I said. He smiled as though to humor me. ■ ■



Rahmat bin Ismail wears Malay dress, mark of a good Moslem.



Rahmat likes to play *Bola tungku* — Malayan basketball. Here he prepares to begin a game at school, where some of his classmates are royal princes.

YOUTH AROUND THE WORLD

ELDEST SON

PICTURES AND BACKGROUND BY WILLIE CHEN

■ RAHMAT BIN ISMAIL, whose name means "The Cheerful," is the fifteen-year-old son of a Malay government clerk. Five feet three inches tall, Rahmat is a strong country boy with gracious manners befitting one who is an eldest son.

Rahmat's mother, Za'kiah, has given birth to twelve children, only

five of whom survive, a fact indicating the high infant mortality in Malaya. The five survivors are two elder sisters, Asrah, 25, and Salmah, 21; Rahmat; and his brothers, Mohammed, 6, and Puteh, 5. The boys are in school.

The family lives in a typical Malay house with a tin roof and raised flooring. The house originally belonged to Rahmat's grandfather, was inherited by Rahmat's father,

**American jazz comes to Rahmat
through the radio. He likes it.**



and will one day belong to Rahmat himself as the eldest son. The house has three bedrooms and a dining room, decorated with ancient handicrafts of spears and krisses. The house is surrounded by trees — durians, rambutans, and coconuts. Because the land is low, it is flooded every monsoon season.

Rahmat and his two brothers share the front bedroom. Like most Malays, they sleep on nipa-palm mats spread on the floor. Rahmat gets up each day at six o'clock. After a simple breakfast, he bicycles to school, about a mile and a half away. His first class begins at a quarter to eight.

Rahmat is a Sixth-Year student.



Rahmat will be his father's heir.

Rahmat with his mother (right), his sisters and brothers, in their garden.



He studies Malay, English, mathematics, civics, nature study, history, geography, and art. He majors in the last subject but his favorite is nature study. There are 439 students in Rahmat's school. Some are royal princes, most are workingmen's sons. Rahmat is very popular with his classmates.

School recess is from eleven-thirty to noon. When it begins, Rahmat lines up with his companions at the school canteen. There he buys three cents' worth of rice, which he eats with his fingers. Then he goes back to classes until half past one when school ends for the day.

After school, Rahmat returns home. He helps his mother with household chores. Sometimes he runs errands, sometimes he waters the garden. When he has no chores to do, he likes to tune in the radio and listen to jazz. Rock-and-roll has now captured Malayan youth, and a boy is dubbed "an ancient" if he cannot appreciate it.

Sometimes Rahmat stops at the Muar Citizenship Center where his father, Ismail bin Haji Omar, works. Ismail earns approximately \$500 a year as an employee of the new Federation of Malaya. It is enough to support his family in relative comfort by Malayan standards.

Rahmat's town, Muar, is a clean one, with tree-shaded streets. It is also called "The Queen's City" because it was founded many years ago to honor a rajah's wife. All around the town are rubber plantations, lifeblood of Malaya. Although Malays predominate, Muar has a large Chinese and Indian population. The Chinese are merchants

and control much of the business life, while the Indians do the heavy labor on the rubber plantations.

Practically all the Malay people are Moslems, and Rahmat's family is no exception. The members follow the Moslem calendar, observing the religious holidays and fast days. Rahmat goes to the mosque to pray every Friday, and he is a frequent reader of the Koran, the Moslem bible.

It will be two more years before Rahmat completes his Malay education. His father has told him that if he wants to get anywhere in life, he will need to have some English schooling. So he intends to go to the Muar Government English School after graduation.

Rahmat's father hopes that his son will undertake an administrative career in government. Rahmat's own ambition is to become a captain in the Malay Regiment, and fight the Communist terrorists who are disrupting life in Malaya. When asked about the difference between his desire and that of his father, Rahmat is quite fatalistic.

"It's in the hands of Allah, my Guide," he says. "The Koran teaches us to welcome the inevitable. We Moslems believe in *nasib*, or fate."

Rahmat is a contented, normal boy. Compared to American youth, his life is simple. He makes his own entertainments, lives in a close-knit family. His pleasures come from his family, friends, the radio, and the many books he reads. His life is bound by traditions and ancient customs. Not turning his back on the past, he looks expectantly to the future. ■ ■

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**Rahmat and Puteh eat in kitchen,
with their fingers, Malay-style.**

"...the dual nature of Latin-American Catholicism"

Father William J. Coleman, M.M., Ph.D., first made his acquaintance with Latin America through studies at the University of Illinois and at Catholic University, 1939-1941. After visiting South America in 1945, he completed his doctoral research in the Vatican Archives. From 1950 to 1956 he was stationed in Chile, in the diocese of Talca. At present he is professor of Church and Mission History at the Maryknoll Major Seminary.

Q *Father Coleman, what lies behind use of the term, "Latin-American Catholicism"?*

A There are various kinds of Catholicism. Of course there are no differences in Catholic essentials, but there are accidental differences that often seem to amount to essential ones.

Q *Do time and place account for some differences?*

A Yes. There must be various kinds of Catholicism because of the simple fact that the Church has accomplished, through the centuries,

her divine mission of taking the teachings of Christ to all nations and to all countries, adapting those teachings in whatever ways necessary for particular cultures and societies, consonant always with the essentials.

Q *Variety shouldn't cause any surprise, then?*

A The well-informed Catholic expects and welcomes different Catholicisms. He should take them for granted, as much as he takes for granted different nationalities or cultures or societies. It is the glory

of his Church that Catholics are literally one, no matter how great their variety or their diversity.

Q *What forms do the various Catholicisms take?*

A We can apply to Latin-American Catholicism a fourfold distinction. There are found formal, nominal, cultural or social, and folk Catholicisms.

Q *Please define formal Catholicism.*

A That is simply the Catholic Faith as professed and fully practiced by one we popularly term a "real" Catholic. Such a Catholic seriously accepts the doctrine and discipline of the Church as given through her official representatives, the bishops and priests.

Q *And the nominal Catholic?*

A His kind of Catholicism has been defined thus: "Nominal Catholicism, quite common in many parts of the world and within many societies, is an identifiable acceptance of membership in the Church, involving some allegiance to her, but with little effort to follow faithfully those rites and proscriptions expected of the practicing Catholic." The nominal Catholic of the Latin-American variety is baptized, believing, but not practicing; his Catholicity is identifiable, if only because it is so easily distinguishable from formal Catholicism.

Q *What of the third variety?*

A Cultural Catholicism, sometimes also referred to as social Catholicism, implies the social or-

ganization of the Church as a way of life in terms of her impinging on other wishes and forms, such as a preference for a particular type of music or a specific form of ecclesiastical art, or for a way of life within the Catholic framework as it defines itself in ethnic and regional expression.

Q *And folk Catholicism?*

A Sometimes spoken of as popular Catholicism, this is Catholic practice that emanates from the people and finds its expression in indigenous practices and customs, only distantly related to the Church's formal aspects but not, as a rule, in conflict with them.

Q *Will you give an illustration of such customs?*

A The carnival and the *fiesta* are classical expressions of these Catholicisms. They illustrate the Catholic missionary principle that whatever is good or indifferent in the indigenous culture of a people must be retained, and that Catholicism must be grafted on the culture—not the culture grafted on the Catholicism of the missionary.

Q *What of historical factors?*

A Royal patronage was the principal historical factor that made Latin-American Catholicism the unique product it is.

Q *How is it unique?*

A Its basic feature is what we may call the dual nature of Latin-American Catholicism. On the one hand, it is obvious that Catholicism has struck deep roots in the culture

INTERVIEW

of the continent. Otherwise, how can we explain the Catholicism that is found in Latin America four hundred years and more after its introduction?

Q *And on the other hand?*

A An observer finds an amazing superficiality that is even more obvious than the profundity of the Catholic customs.

Q *That sounds like a contradiction. What does it mean in practice?*

A A sympathetic visitor sees the deepest Catholic piety and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but finds no real regard for the Mass and the sacraments. An almost fanatical concern for the Sacrament of Baptism, he learns, is joined to a profoundly cynical view of the Sacrament of Matrimony. A visitor's final conclusion is that, whatever may be the tradition of this Catholicism, it reflects no real grasp of fundamental Catholic principles and suppositions.

Q *What was the cause of this duality?*

A There is much evidence to show that it is of the very nature of Latin-American Catholicism, traceable to the origins of the colonial Church itself.

Q *Do you mean the Spanish civilization of the fifteenth century?*

A Yes, and even earlier. No less than six centuries of constant crusading, with reconquest of the Iberian Peninsula from the Mohammedan invaders, came to an end on the eve of the discovery

of a new world in far-off America.

Q *What influence had this period on later history?*

A A whole set of medieval, imperial institutions, of a very distinctive kind, had been developed in the reconquest. These methods of administrative, military, commercial, and ecclesiastical control were ready at hand with necessary adaptation for use in America.

Q *Is that all?*

A Even more basic was the mentality of Christian conquest, developed in the previous centuries. That made it both a duty and a right to gain new lands for their Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, and to implant the cross with the crown in every possible new conquest.

Q *This implied military force?*

A In America, the cross not only followed the sword, as it had in Moorish Spain; it could only be found if the sword had preceded it.

Q *And the king wielded both cross and sword?*

A The medieval ideal of the two powers, spiritual and temporal, and their expression in the union of Church and state — symbolized by the two-edged sword — was nowhere more fully realized than in the Spanish monarchs of the fifteenth century.

Q *The king was a special, semi-religious leader, then?*

A If the king was considered the first Christian of the many Christians in his realm, and a kind

of thirteenth apostle in the tradition of Constantine and Charlemagne, then it is easy to see how he was obliged to concern himself with the spiritual welfare of his subjects, as much as with their temporal good.

Q *How did he show his concern?*

A The appointment of a bishop or archbishop was as much a concern to him as was the appointment of a minister of state or a military commander.

Q *And this became known as "royal patronage"?*

A Among the rights of royal patronage was not only the privilege of naming all candidates to ecclesiastical offices of any importance, but also the right to collect the tithes traditionally paid to the Church by the faithful. This removed the control of finances from the hands of the bishops and represented a kind of secularization of the property of the Church. The Church thus became a tax-supported institution, in the same category as other civic institutions that financially depended on the state for their existence.

Q *As it worked out, then, the state tended to absorb the Church?*

A In practice, the rights of royal patronage gave direct control of all ecclesiastical affairs to the king. Principle tends to expand in practice, and every aspect of Church life somehow was brought under the vaguely defined and jealously guarded rights of patronage.

Q *Was the Pope represented in the colonies by his own delegates?*

A No. In the Spanish mentality, the Pope already had a faithful delegate in the person of the king's viceroy in Spanish America. A second delegate would only lead to double jurisdiction, and in any case be an invasion of the rights of royal patronage.

Q *What did the exclusion of papal representation mean to the Church in the Americas?*

A It meant, in effect, the exclusion of modern missionary principles, then in their early stage of development, in favor of the retention of essentially medieval methods of royal patronage — no longer able to perform its historic task.

Q *What were the consequences of this?*

A The modern mission principles were aimed at correcting one of the great defects in the Church in Spanish America: the lack of indigenization. By this is meant the failure to develop a native clergy and hierarchy capable of carrying on all the institutions of the Church.

Q *Did this mean that the Church had to depend on the Spanish monarchy for personnel?*

A Yes. No firm and consistent policy of developing a native priesthood, much less a hierarchy, was ever formulated in any of the Spanish-American countries.

Q *What was the result when those countries sought independence?*

A A Spanish, rather than an in-

INTERVIEW

digenous or national, Church had been formed in three hundred years of colonial history. On the eve of emancipation, the clergy were approximately fifty per cent Spanish-born. The rest were of Creole origin, and few of them ever rose to the position of bishops or archbishops.

Q *What was the status of the Church then?*

A We may say that the colonial Church, thanks to royal patronage, was solidly established in Spanish America. But we must also add that, for the same reason, it was not completely established because it lacked a native clergy and hierarchy.

Q *The revolt of the colonies must have had far-reaching effects.*

A With the coming of independence for Spain's former colonies, in 1810-1824, the centuries-old politico-ecclesiastical system of royal patronage and royal vicariate was broken. The greatest of all imperial powers found, almost overnight, insurgent nations in Spanish America instead of submissive colonies.

Q *Did the Church and the missions regain their independence?*

A No. Patronage had by that late date become an outright political instrument.

Q *What happened?*

A The national governments attempted to set up a system of patronage and national vicariate much more injurious to the rights of the Church than was the former system of royal patronage.

Q *What was the Church's attitude?*

A The Holy See was determined not to sacrifice principle and alienate again, perhaps forever, divinely constituted rights over the Church in America, which the unqualified grants of patronage had almost succeeded in doing. There was to be a return to the traditional Roman system of dealing with countries directly through the medium of apostolic delegations and nuncios.

Q *Meanwhile, the Church would be seriously handicapped?*

A Securing qualified candidates for the episcopacy was the greatest need, since without the restoration of the hierarchy no direction could be given to the resumption of the normal life of the Church under the new political order.

Q *How was this resolved?*

A Through a common desire of the republics and the Holy See to establish direct communication came the eventual solution of the crisis that followed the emancipation of the former Spanish dominions.

Q *Who broke the deadlock?*

A Chile was the first republic to establish contact with the Holy See in a practical way.

Q *When was that?*

A Chile's plenipotentiary appeared in Rome in 1822. Thanks to the interest of Cardinal Consalvi in the "American Problem," and also to the favorable political circumstances at the moment, an apostolic delegate, in the person of Arch-

bishop Giovanni Muzi, was named to Chile. The future Pius IX was a member of that first apostolic mission to Latin America.

Q *Was the mission successful?*

A While the Muzi mission failed in its primary objective, which was the restoration of the hierarchy in Chile and the founding of an apostolic delegation for South America, still it accomplished many things. It served as the necessary experiment to establish a new system of papal relations with Latin America, replacing the outmoded system of royal patronage.

Q *Anything else?*

A Above all, the mission showed the solicitude of the Holy See for the Church in the new republics, and at the same time gave those countries an indication of the lines along which an eventual solution to the ecclesiastical problem must be found.

Q *Did this lead to the present system of exchanging diplomatic and papal representatives?*

A Eventually the republics established individual relations with the Holy See, and a more ready solution for many problems of the Church was possible.

Q *What other hostile forces did the Church have to contend with?*

A Government instability, and the influence of Freemasonry and lay liberalism in the form of violent anticlericalism, continued to plague the effort of the Church to modernize herself and find solutions for the many remaining problems.

Q *What enabled the Church in Latin America to come through such a turbulent period of history so well?*

A That the Church even survived the crisis of the nineteenth century is proof of the profundity of its Catholicism.

Q *Thank you, Father Coleman. ■■*

INDY ANN, TRAIL-BLAZER





Making friends with one of the youngest citizens of Arequipa, Peru

The Schoolhouse on Red Hill

Young eyes flash an unmistakable welcome for the new Sisters.

BY SISTER JOANNE MARET

■ CHUG-puff-push-pull! Slowly, steadily, the little Peruvian train rumbles its way up the Andes. Sometimes it stops, cuts off a few cars, and takes the steeper mountainside in two sections. A sturdy engine pulls passenger cars up the grade first; then it returns to do the same for baggage and freight.

After five hours of travel, we hear "Arequipa!" resound through the

coach. Sister Ann Claudia and I flick our handkerchiefs at the dusty windows, eager for a first glimpse of Arequipa, "The White City," second largest in all Peru. Four dormant volcanoes surround this bustling, mountain metropolis firmly planted on a green plateau 8,500 feet above sea level. We gaze longest at Mount Misti, famed throughout South America. A solitary, snow-capped peak, it stretches high above the city.

No time for sight-seeing now! The



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train gives a few closing wheezes, a final cough — and we have arrived, the first Maryknoll Sisters ever to settle in Arequipa! Our mission? To open a school in the country parish of *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*, and to light the minds of the young Arequipians with the flame of Christ's truth.

Father Albert I. Koenigsknecht, our Maryknoll pastor, waves a cheery greeting from the platform. A quick transfer of baggage, a toot of the horn, and we're whisked off in the Padre's green truck to Cerro Colorado (Red Hill), a farming section on the outskirts of the city. Grazing cows chew contentedly into focus as we drive past, while a few scolding chickens squawk distractedly at our rapid progress.

Night is coming on quickly. The truck halts in front of the old rectory, our temporary convent. From nowhere a swarm of barefooted little boys and girls descend upon us. We are hugged and kissed, and kissed and hugged.

The truck sends shafts of light into the darkness, revealing a crowd of men and women as well. Some wear very poor clothes, others are clad a bit better. All have big smiles to welcome us. These are "The Mistis" — people of the mountain that overshadows Arequipa — a race apart from their more-sophisticated, city brothers. The Maryknoll Fathers came to care for them several years ago.

Formalities must always be observed. Josito steps forward, a wee

senor of five years, his dark eyes flashing the welcome his small, rose-filled hand is flourishing. A hesitant shuffle of feet — then shyness is banished. Flowers drop, words spill out in an excited jumble as he rushes up to us.

"You will be our *Madres* now!" Josito shouts. His audience gives several rousing "*Vivas!*" of approval.

Finally, with lumps in our throats for the loving welcome, we wave a final "*Buenos noches*" and step over our new threshold. Another happy surprise in store! *Senora* Raquel, Father's cook, beams over her stove at us.

"What's cooking?" we ask.

"Rod elen colorado!" comes the tempting answer. "Rhode Island Red" sounds good in any language!

Bells ring — church bells — at six o'clock next morning. Only a few steps away from our temporary



Wistful child of the mountain Mistis smiles a wide-eyed, bashful greeting.

dwelling is a shell-like building, the parish church, built by the people with their own hands. It takes us only three minutes to get there, but that is time enough for a quick look around. On one side of us towers the single-peaked splendor of Misti; snow-sprinkled Chachani, with its twin spires, looms to the left; and the long, lower range of Eichu-Pichu stretches far ahead. All three gleam white in the pale morning sun as cottony clouds hang around their domes.

All day long the doorbell rings, announcing new friends. Some deliver another welcome, some inquire about the school's opening, and others ask about jobs.

Taking advantage of *Senora* Raquel's command of American cooking, we leave her to the pots and pans. We spend the next few days in the stores of Arequipa, shopping for household supplies and foodstuffs. Everywhere, people stop us to talk.

"Madres, have you really come to stay now?" "How happy we are that you are here." "But why are you putting a school away out in Cerro Colorado? You should start one right here in town."

Si! The way to any Peruvian's heart is to open a school for his children! Cerro Colorado claims us, though, and its people have already won our hearts.

Life here is simple. It needs only the guiding hand of Holy Mother Church to make it beautiful and grace-filled, as well. Farm labor, work as taxi and bus drivers, and some odd jobs, keep the men busy. Some of the women take in washing

and ironing, or put up vegetables for sale. The one-story houses are made of white stone, cut from the sides of the mountains — thus the picturesque name, "White City."

The greatest problem in these parts is the lack of water. The people of Cerro Colorado get their water from little canals that flow down the sides of the streets and appear to be nothing more than gutters. The "man with the shovel" decides each day which block of houses will have water running by them and he shifts the current accordingly.

Thus, if *Senora* Carmela wants water on Tuesday, and Tuesday is not the day it runs by her house, she carries her pail a street or two, or maybe more, and scoops up some of the dirty, polluted liquid running in the gutter. Is it any wonder that disease thrives here?

School opens in three days, but we're still unable to move into the convent. What to do? A bit of planning, a lot of scrubbing — and an empty storeroom in the old rectory becomes the school office, so we're in business! For the present, this building will serve as two schoolrooms, also.

Later, Sister Ann Claudia goes over to visit the *directora* of the Girls' Public School, which is right next door. Every Sunday, Mass is celebrated in the patio of the school for the children of the parish. The *directora* has always been a good friend of the Padres.

Now she is very happy that we are here to start another school. "May I register my six-year-old daughter with you?" is her first request. ■■



HAPPINESS. A mother and her child make a wonderful study anywhere in the world. This Galla mother and child of Kenya are radiant with happiness and love. The ornamental charms indicate that they are not Christians. Gallas are mostly pagans.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

On a silent Korean battlefield,
a Marine finds the Christ Child.

BY R. J. BOCCIERI, M.M.

■ KOREA, Dec. 24. Clear, sunny, and cold with the mercury hovering below zero. Even though we were thousands of miles from home, the camp had a touch of warmth and a kind of melancholy. It was Christmas Eve.

About mid-morning I found a free moment and climbed to a good vantage point on the edge of the company's position. A number of Christians lived here before the fighting; the area we occupied had been tilled by farmers who were forced north by the retreating Red army. We were on their old homesites. And they? It was Christmas Eve.

As I stood there in the cold Korean air, gazing at the horizon, my mind's eye traveled farther than the scarred hills that stretched before me. I thought of the haggard column of prisoners who had made the death march through this area



during the bitter November of 1951. I pictured the frozen grave of an American missionary bishop named Byrne.

I walked back to the company area and was soon absorbed in the details of the camp; "Hey, Lieutenant, the water trailer is frozen! Sarge says take a look at the Christmas tree! Will you OK the use of a pair of 'ten' batteries for the lights? Did the beer rations get through? Will there be transportation to midnight Mass?"

Midnight Mass — what a consolation! What would Christmas be without it? Father Martineau had arranged to have some Korean kids come up from Kalgong-ni, a Catholic village twelve miles away. They were to sing during Mass, and I had volunteered to shepherd them until Mass time.

The chapel was three miles away. I left our area at about 1600. It was quiet. There was no wind. The east side of the hills were purple, while the western slopes basked in the last crimson rays of the setting sun. Magpies jabbered in the black limbs of a dead tree, and then fell silent. A barbed wire fence — its taut lines cutting across a deserted rice field — snapped me back to reality.

There was a contradiction here: soft quiet, deep peace, midnight Mass; and — a few miles north?

By 2345 the chapel was filled with men bundled in parkas, their faces glowing from the sting of the winter night. The excited kids from Kalgong-ni squeezed into the back, near the tiny organ, and began to sing.

And as they sang, the stillness of

the hills crept into our Quonset chapel; and when Father began Mass, a hundred memories washed up against us like a warm wave: home, the wife, Mom and Pop, the kids, green trees and jangling bells. And then: cold Korea; blue-lipped, shivering shoeshine boys at road junctions; gaping shell-holes; suffering and silence.

We prayed despite our thoughts.

"And it came to pass, while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

"And there were shepherds in the same country living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared exceedingly.

"And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy, which shall be to all the people. For there has been born to you today, in the town of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord!'"

He was born among us. He really came and rested upon our poor wooden altar. The joy of His birth was mingled with the reality of His sacrifice — His suffering. With His birth came hope; with His death, love — and the answer. He had sanctified suffering.

I began to understand. There was really no contradiction at all between Korea and Bethlehem. It had always been this way. ■ ■



*“Peace—that peace
in which
the human family
can live freely,
flourish
and prosper.”*

—His Holiness Pope John XXIII
gloriously reigning

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING

BY JOHN O'BRIEN

Feel discouraged? Mario's remedy is guaranteed to help you.

■ MARIO, the happy whistler of Lima, Peru, deserves a monument. He is a living example of "every cloud must have a silver lining," and "when you're smiling, the whole world smiles with you."

Mario lost both legs in an accident several years ago. Few of us go through life with such a handicap, and some who do, never cease to feel sorry for themselves. Many of us who go through life even in good health often find reasons to bemoan the bad breaks that we get. Instead of placing all of our trust in God's Providence, we tell everyone who will listen about how cruel fate has been to us.

Not so with our friend Mario. He does not sit and cry, wondering aloud, "Why did this happen to ME?" Instead, he takes his place each day, on Lima's main street, watching the Fords go by and accepting gratefully whatever passing drivers and pedestrians toss his way. All the while, Mario whistles a happy tune: he seldom repeats the same one.

Eight months of the year in Lima are blanketed by low, heavy, depressing clouds. The weather is

gloomy enough to dampen the spirits of the most happy and optimistic disposition. But if Mario has his gloomy days, no one knows of them. His tobacco-stained teeth sparkle for all passers-by; he has a cheery "*Buenos dias*" for all.

On some days, I have passed Mario without a coin in my pocket, and have half-apologized, promising him something on my next visit his way. But Mario doesn't mind. In fact, the wide grin is just as wide for an "Hello" given to him, as it is for a dime. I have asked Mario how he feels about things in general and life in particular. He has formed a philosophy of life worthy of St. Francis of Assisi. Mario says that people are wonderful, that the world is a wonderful place, that God has been very good to him. "The world owes me nothing," says Mario. "What I have, I have received from the innate goodness of people, whose hearts have been touched by the finger of God."

The next time I feel blue, I have promised myself to go see Mario, listen to his happy whistle and borrow his rose-colored glasses. ■■

MARYKNOLL



SPECIAL MISSION NEEDS

Formosa	Church hall	\$4,000
Chile	Land for high school	3,000
Bolivia	Motor for river boat	2,000
Peru	High-school classroom	1,800
Chile	High-school classroom	1,800
Korea	Chapel	1,500
Korea	Lighting system	499
Japan	Children's summer-camp equipment	200
Formosa	Miaoli chapel side altars, each	200
Peru	Mass-vestment case	200
Central America	Communion rail	200



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I enclose \$.....for.....in.....

Please ask the missionary and his people to pray for me.

My Name

My Address

City **Zone** **State**

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MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

*I enclose \$.....for.....in.....
Please ask the missionary and his people to pray for me.*

My Name

My Address

City **Zone**.... **State**.....

A Lesson for Americans

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ SOME MONTHS ago, a young Korean, In Ho O, who had come to this country for an education, was set upon by a gang of bullies and ruffians in Philadelphia. The gang had no grievance against In Ho — its members had never even seen him before. The bullies were merely intent upon beating someone and the young Korean happened to cross their path. When the beating was over, In Ho was dead — a victim of a purposeless and senseless murder.

It might be expected that when the news of the youth's death reached his homeland, there would be bitter attacks made upon American youth and the United States. Instead, the Philadelphia Red Cross received the following letter, signed by In Ho's parents, two uncles, two aunts, five sisters, two brothers, and nine cousins. It will be difficult to find a more Christian letter of love and forgiveness. The letter declared:

"We . . . deeply appreciate the expressions of sympathy you have extended to us at this time. In Ho had almost finished the preparation needed for the achievement of his ambition, which was to serve his

people and nation as a Christian statesman. . .

"When we heard of his death, we could not believe the news was true, for the shock was so unexpected and sad, but now we find it is an undeniable fact that In Ho has been killed by a gang of Negro boys whose souls were not saved and in whom human nature is paralyzed. We are sad now, not only because of In Ho's unachieved future but also because of the unsaved souls and the paralyzed human nature of the murderers.

"It is our hope that we may somehow be instrumental in the salvation of the souls, and in giving life to the human nature of the murderers. Our family has met together and we have decided to petition that the most generous treatment possible within the laws of your Government be given to those who committed this criminal action without knowing what it would mean to him who has been sacrificed, to his family, to his friends, and to his country.

"In order to give evidence of our sincere hope, our whole family has decided to save money to start a fund to be used for the religious, educational, vocational, and social

guidance of the boys when they are released. In addition, we are daring to hope that we can do something to minimize juvenile criminal actions which are to be found, not only in your country, but also in Korea, and, we are sure, everywhere in the world.

"About the burial of the physical body of him who has been sacrificed; we hope that you could spare a piece of land in your country and bury it there, for your land, too, is the homeland for Christians and people of democratic society. It is our sincere hope that thus we will remember your people, and you will remember our people, and that both you and we will more vitally sense an obligation for the better guidance of juvenile delinquents whose souls are unsaved, and whose human natures are paralyzed. We hope in this way to make his tomb a monument which will call attention of people to this cause. We think this is a way to give life to the dead, and to the murderers, and to keep you and us closer in Christian love and fellowship.

"We are not familiar with your customs and you may find something hard to understand in what we are trying to say and do. Please interpret our hope and idea with Christian spirit and in the light of democratic principles. We have dared to express our hope with a spirit received from the Gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for our sins.

"May God bless you, your people, and particularly the boys who killed our son and kinsman." ■ ■

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics

2 NEW

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A searching new look at the peoples of Latin America, and their way of life that is so alike yet so dissimilar to ours. Their charming customs, and the ambitions and difficulties of a continent told with keen understanding and sympathy. **\$5.00**

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Delightful and charming stories of Chinese children — without any political overtone — sparkle with simplicity and bubble with genial good humor. These vignettes represent the Chinese children on the eve of the Red suppression of religion. **\$3.50**

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BUNDO FINDS TRUE LOVE



THE STORY SO FAR: Bundo was found abandoned in a garbage can in Pusan, Korea. The Sisters saved his life, saw him grow up healthy and strong. Last month, Bundo fell from favor with his girl friend, Bertha. Saying that all women were fickle, Bundo decided to devote his life to science. We left him (above) peering through a microscope in the Maryknoll Clinic.

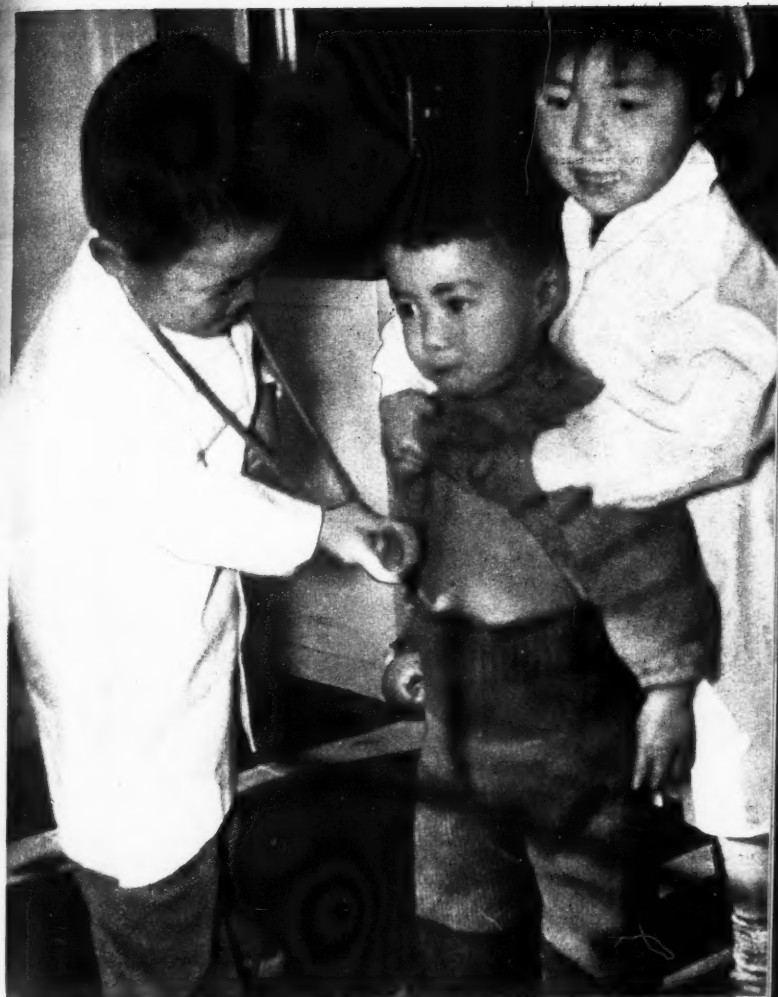


One day while hard at work, Bundo was distracted by the sound of a familiar voice. He turned.



It was Bertha, now a nurse, giving Sister Anne Carmel a typhus shot. "It's fate," said Bundo. "A man can't escape!"





Bertha had decided to give herself to science, too. Thus she became Bundo's nurse, helping with all his patients.



And so they lived happily ever after. All of which proves that true love will always come out on top. Now, wasn't this a real nice story?

THE END

CAN YOU GUESS WHERE HE LIVES?



Right — Peru! His ancestors developed the finest civilization in the Western Hemisphere, with great cities built of stone, and a better knowledge of astronomy than Europeans had in their day, but he worshiped cruel and savage gods.



Maryknollers are telling the modern Indians of Peru about God in heaven, and about His Son, who came into the world to save sinners. Would YOU like to share the spreading of the Gospel to these able but unenlightened people? Write for information. You assume no obligation by inquiring.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

1-9

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐

Priest

☐

Brother

(Check one.) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name

Street

City Zone State

Age School Grade



UP ALONG THE MONKEY RIVER

Two pioneers are pushing back the frontier in Ainu territory.

BY WALTER T. KELLEHER, M.M.

■ "... to the new mission at Shizunai, Hokkaido: Father Nugent, pastor, Father Kelleher, assistant . . . Your future activity will be, in great part, pioneer work, as this will be the first parish in the history of that area. . ." These words on assignment day introduced me to the place called "Inner Peace" — Shizunai.

The shape of the new parish is a triangle, whose base is the 75-mile-long Pacific coast line. The left leg of the triangle is the Saru (Monkey) River, which flows from the apex of Mount Bipairo. The other leg is a mountain chain running down from the same peak. In area, the

parish covers about 1,000 square miles, or one third of Maryknoll's section on Japan's northernmost island.

The population of Shizunai is about 18,500, with our few Catholic people scattered over the countryside. The church property, a combination teaching hall and chapel with an attached rectory now under construction, is a five-minute walk from the center of town.

Winters are severe but dry. Snow begins to fall in late autumn; on the Pacific coast, it rarely reaches more than a foot in depth. Between April and May there is a sudden burst of rich vegetation.

Great attention has been paid to development of the resources of this

island. Its population has been increased by migration from the mainland, but there are still plenty of wide-open spaces providing excellent grass for pasturage — most unusual in Japan. Shizunai is the station for a 3,000-acre Government breeding farm; and an adjacent, 1,000-acre Hokkaido University experimental horse ranch.

In Hiratori, not far from Shizunai, there is an old Ainu shrine. The Ainu, Hokkaido's aborigines, numbered about 16,000 almost ten years ago. They have no racial affinities with the Japanese, and their ancestors probably came from nearby Siberia. The most striking characteristics of Ainu men are abundant, black hair, luxuriant mustaches, and long beards — sometimes a foot or more in length.

As regards personnel, there are just two of us. Father Irwin D. (Hank) Nugent is a wiry, jovial, 40-year-old native of Dorchester, Mass. Although he was ordained and sent to China only eleven years ago, his hair prematurely turned gray under the Chinese Communist rule, before his expulsion a few years ago. The fact that there are only twenty miles of open water between Hokkaido and the Russians on Sakhalin Island to the north, and the Kurile Islands to the east, doesn't seem to bother him, though.

I am a New Yorker, 29 years old, now embarking on my first real parish assignment after two years studying the Japanese language. Unlike-ly as it once seemed, my summer on a ranch in North Dakota, in my student days, may prove valuable along the Monkey River. ■ ■

JANUARY, 1959

A QUIZ:

(WITH ANSWERS)

Q. Why Make a Will?

As a Christian, you have a duty to God, yourself and your loved ones.

Q. What If I Delay?

The best of intentions and plans have been made vain by a careless driver or sudden illness. Don't run a risk.

Q. Without a Will, What Happens?

The courts — not you — decide on the division of your estate. This is always troublesome and at times tragic.

Q. Where Do I Start?

List your property. Then list those you wish to remember in this order: Your family, your parish, your diocese, the foreign missions.

Q. Then What?

See your lawyer. In the meantime, send for our free booklet on wills.

**For wills our legal title is:
Catholic Foreign Mission Society
of America, Inc.**

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE will booklet: **What Only YOU Can Do.**

My Name

My Street

City.....Zone....State.....

What she does in the *Cancha*
is felt in financial circles.



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WALL STREET, COCHABAMBA

■ EIGHT to ten blocks from the central shopping area of Cochabamba, Bolivia, there is a square, city block with no imposing permanent structures. Its half dozen or more sheds, each about 200 feet long and 30 feet wide, are anything but impressive.

On five days each week, this plaza is practically deserted. But on Wednesdays and Saturdays, it springs to life in the early hours of the morning. Long before sunrise, Indians may be seen driving, hauling, or carrying their products to market at the *Cancha*. In former years, this plaza was the site of the city's playing field, or *cancha*, and the name has endured.

The sheds soon fill with merchandise in a semblance of order. Sections are allotted to dry goods, hardware, fruits and vegetables, household furnishings, kitchenware, and other products. But the semblance of order stops there.

Some Indians set up stands and awnings on the curbs of all the streets surrounding the plaza. Others sit on the sidewalks, in the streets, or anywhere that they can and spread their wares on the ground before them. By far the greatest number of merchants are women. With them are children, squirming, playing, fighting, and crawling over everything.

In Quechua, the Indian dialect, the *Cancha* is known as *Thanta Khattu*, the market for old and used things. Customers come from all parts of Cochabamba, for the *Cancha* has everything from imported toothpaste to spare parts for locomotives and airplanes. Dentists, doctors, engineers, mechanics, oculists, and university professors can be seen there on market days, purchasing merchandise, spare parts, or books.

Indeed, the Indian merchants have outdone Mandrake the Magician in bringing merchandise to their market. Many imported articles, and even contraband merchandise, find their way there. Strangely enough, leaders in the fight against speculation are well aware of activities carried on in the *Cancha*, yet they prefer not to intervene in any way.

So important to the commercial life of Cochabamba has the *Cancha* become that it is now regarded as the thermometer of prices that regulate all local trade.

Prudent businessmen, before closing any account, consult the fluctuating prices of this Indian market. Men familiar with movements of the economy go there to compare prices.

Whether they like it or not, the *Cancha* has become the veritable Wall Street of Cochabamba. ■ ■

A special blessing
for a little lamb



Ind

A

JA



Indian boys marching happily to church with the finest of their flocks.

A DAY FOR LAMBS

BY RICHARD M. QUINN, M.M.

■ MOST of the altiplano Indians clustered on the mountains above Puno, Peru, are shepherds. And hence, sheep have an important role in the Indian's daily struggle for survival. Once a year, on the feast of Saint John the Baptist in each Indian family, a child selects the finest lamb from the family flock, gives it a good scrubbing, and adorns it with gay ribbons. Then, lamb-in-arms, the children parade to the church — where the Padre bestows a blessing, and offers Mass for the mountain people and their flocks. Far from being a superstition, this charming, childlike custom is an important part of Indian spirituality. The Indians live by raising sheep, and the special blessing provided by the Church reminds them that they and their flocks belong to Christ. The same Christ who was Himself called the Lamb of God. ■ ■



Clutching her black-eyed lamb, a Quechua girl prays for the gifts that mean survival—rain, sunshine, and some grass. Opposite, an entire family gathers around their snow-white lamb as the Padre celebrates the Mass of John the Baptist.



WHERE THE WATER IS SWEET

The Year of the Rooster —
passing in review are customs,
legends, events, and observations.

BY RICHARD S. KARDIAN, M.M.

■ THE GREAT holiday in Japan is the New Year, January 1-3. In every household special preparations are made to celebrate the occasion. Business is suspended as far as possible.

The front entrances of the homes are decorated, usually with pine trees on either side of the entrance. At the back of each tree are placed three stems of bamboo. Across the top of the gate, or entrance to the home, is hung the taboo-rope, on which are fastened tufts of straw and strips of white paper.

Among the decorations are fern leaves, an orange, and a small lobster. The pine trees, because of their hardness, denote long life; the bamboo stems denote constancy



and virtue; the fern, with its multiplicity of fronds, suggests an expanding good fortune; the orange conveys good wishes; the lobster, with its bent back, expresses the hope of a long life.

Special food is served. For the first meal of the New Year there is *zoni*, a broth containing rice cakes and vegetables. With it are herring roe; black beans; dried chestnuts, to denote success; dried seaweed, called *kombu*, for happiness; and lotus root, the sacred plant with pure white flowers.

The yellow petals of chrysanthemums, eaten as a salad, are frequently used to enrich the color scheme of the table. The preparation of this meal — and, in fact, of all Japanese meals — is made with an eye to color.

Many games are played. One is

called *Hyakunin-Isshu*, or "Single Songs of a Hundred Poets" — a fascinating game of cards. Boys fly kites, and girls play battledore and shuttlecock. The faces of some girls are smeared with ink or powder, as a penalty for having failed in a stroke. Everywhere there is much laughter and merriment.

On the sixth day of the New Year the decorations are taken down. On the seventh, the festivities end with a special meal of rice gruel seasoned with seven kinds of early herbs.

AS THE Year of the Monkey came to an end, the Year of the Rooster dawned. Some young people hesitated to marry during the monkey year, because of the implication of catastrophe to a marriage contracted in a year called "*saru*," which also means "to leave." To the superstitious, this suggests divorce.

Omens are better for the Year of the Rooster. King of the poultry yards in all lands, the rooster in Japan stands for valor. Anyone born in the year of the rooster is said to have special endowments of intelligence and kindness. The Japanese believe that the rooster is a talisman: his comb stands for civilization and his feet for strength.

The rooster has a principal part in the oldest belief of the Japanese. At the beginning of time, the sun goddess hid herself in anger, in a cave, and took with her all the light

of the world. It was the cock who, at the instigation of the council of the gods, perched outside the cave, crowed, and lured the goddess out again. She had thought that there was day-break even without her.

To this day, every Shinto shrine has *torii*, or bird-perches, as its approach. They symbolize the lifting of darkness from the soul as light is restored to the world each dawn.

IF YOU are a nature lover, you have probably caught fireflies, in a jar. In Japan the "jar" is a finely woven, bamboo cage, a most suitable substitute.

On a balmy summer evening, groups of children near streams or ponds sing: "Come, fireflies. The water on this side is sweet. The water on the other side is bitter. Come, come, *hotaru*."

At mating time, great masses of fireflies gather over a stream, flying low to the water and then going up high into the air in great confusion. Many fall into the stream and are swept away.

In Uji, the *Hotaru-Gassen*, or Firefly Battle, is woven into a legend dating back to the twelfth century. Yorimasa of Genji was defeated by the Heike forces at the battle of Uji, and he committed suicide at the Byodo-in Temple at Uni in 1180. And so each summer the *hotaru* forces of Genji and Heike renew their battle, with the *hotaru* soul of Yorimasa in command.

TWO BENEFIT —

You and the missions!

1. Your gift to Maryknoll is deductible for Federal income tax purposes.
2. Your gift helps us to help others.

IN KINOMOTO there is a hospital that looks fairly good from the outside — but the inside! In a corner room on the first floor, I met an incurably ill woman and her sixteen-year-old son, who, so to speak, have taken up residence there.

The first time I visited them, I was very much surprised. The room was dark and gloomy. The black walls showed a touch of the original blue paint here and there, and the brown *tatami* (floor mats) were filthy. In one corner of the eight-by-twelve-foot room, the woman was lying on a ragged *futon*, a quilt-like affair that serves as a bed.

The boy is just recovering from a three-year-long illness. Having a weak constitution, he cannot do much to help his mother. He is in middle school, but his life of suffering and deprivation has matured him beyond his years.

As for food, each day the mother and son had *miso*, a thin gruel, and *tsukemono*, pickled radishes. From the hospital they received a bowl of rice. They had no money to buy anything more to eat. Their clothes were nothing but patches.

After my first visit, a group of Christians got together to help the sick woman. They cleaned the room, put curtains on the window, bought and donated clothes. They made *futons* and gave the boy notebooks,

pencils, and other things needed for school. They cleaned the *tatami*, covered them with *goga* (a thin straw mat), and brought in a small chest of drawers. The room at the end of the corridor took on a different and quite-pleasant atmosphere, thanks to the Christians of Kinomoto.

WHILE THE pastor of Fushimi was out on his census tour, the piano music of a Bach opus gave him pause. Thought he, "Anyone who can play that well must be, or should be, a Catholic." So he rang the bell.

The pianist was a middle-aged man, a member of the Kansai Orchestra. The pastor talked about religion and music, and showed so much enthusiasm for his subject that the musician decided he had better look into this Catholic Church.

On instruction night, the man had to play with the orchestra. When the pastor welcomed a new face that evening, he discovered it was the pianist's daughter, who had come in her father's place. Before leaving, she promised not only to tell her father what she had heard but, if possible, to bring him with her the next time.

A SIGN over a small clothing store on a busy street: "We make furs out of your skins or ours. Women have fits upstairs." ■ ■

CLOCK WATCHER

AN OLD man in Shinyanga, Africa, had his first jeep ride with Bishop Edward A. McGurkin. He was fascinated by the speedometer, which he called a clock. As the jeep built up speed, the old man warned Bishop McGurkin, "I think if you go like six o'clock, you maybe have troubles and troubles."

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BRINGING LIGHT...

to Eyes and Hearts and Minds

CHRIST is the LIGHT of the WORLD. It is the privilege of the Maryknoll Sisters to brighten the darkness of many lives. It will be YOUR privilege, too, if you help to train a Sister for her work in pagan lands.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

This \$..... is my gift to the Christ Child. Use it as you judge best to further your work of aiding the poor and suffering and of bringing souls to Christ.

Name

Street City Zone State

While I can, I will send \$..... a month. I want to share in your mission work. I realize I can stop this at any time.



Countries Which Have Gained Autonomy



TWO THIRDS OF

■ SINCE the end of World War II, one third of the people of the world has been freed from colonialism or gained autonomy, while another third has been enslaved by the Reds.

Modern warfare causes profound changes in the maps of the world. The first World War began the movement of colonized people towards independence, and the second world conflict accelerated the trend. Since the end of World War II, more than twenty-five colonial territories with a population of 700 million people have gained either complete independence or autonomy over their own affairs.

However, this gain is offset by the fact that fifteen countries with more than 700 million people came under Communist domination. Communism is an insidious type of

colonialism. In the old colonial lands, missionaries were free to carry on their work. It was the education brought by the missionaries that prepared the peoples for independence and self-rule. But in the Communist slave nations, no freedoms are allowed. Religion is banned, and all mission work effectively halted.

The largest nation to become independent is India with 360 million people. Although still members of the British Commonwealth, Indians completely control their own affairs. Pakistan, formerly part of India, is a free nation of 76 million people, the largest Moslem nation in the world. Indonesia, formerly a Dutch possession, is a country of many islands (Sumatra, Borneo, Bali, Java, Celebes, and so forth), and has a population of close to 80 millions.



F MANKIND

England has yielded thirteen former possessions, and France nine. The United States gave independence to the 20 million Filipinos in 1946, and in 1952 granted full autonomy to Puerto Rico. Two territories held in trust by the United Nations — Somalia and South Korea — have also become independent. Korea was a colony of Japan until the defeat of that latter country in World War II. North Korea, however, was seized by the Communists and did not take part in the United Nations elections that set up the Government of South Korea.

Not included in the above chart are some of the former possessions lost in World War II. Manchuria was returned to China, from which it had been seized. Formosa, or Taiwan, was also given back to

China and is now controlled by the Free China Government. The position of some other territories taken from Japan has not yet been completely settled. They are various Pacific islands, now controlled by American military forces.

Other countries are being prepared for eventual independence or autonomy; while still others are agitating for freedom. Uganda, in British East Africa, is nearing self-control. Tanganyika is slowly evolving. Algerians are fighting to gain independence from France. In Southeast Asia, England is preparing Singapore for autonomy.

The progress of peoples toward self-determination has received a serious setback by the new type of Russian colonialism. The hypocrisy of the Russians is shown by

Countries Seized By Reds



the fact that, while Communists use colonialism to stir up trouble in countries controlled by other European powers, whenever the Reds themselves get control, they enslave people. They pretend friendship and encourage other European colonies to revolt so that they can ultimately get control and take the place of the former colonial power, such as France or England.

Whereas, France and England acquired their colonies when those places were undeveloped and disorganized, the Russians seize countries that have their own governments and are well developed. Unlike England or France, the Russians do not prepare people for eventual independence, but, on

the contrary, exercise more and more repressive controls. By propaganda, they prepare the people only for slavery.

China, with more than 600 million people, is the largest country to fall into the Russian orbit. The Soviet has absorbed Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Puppets control Rumania, Albania, Hungary, Poland, North Korea, North Vietnam, Bulgaria, and Czechoslovakia. East Germany is occupied by Russian troops. In the past year the Soviet Union has been trying to spread into the Near East. Despite the protestations of Russia for "freedom," the fate of Hungary when that nation sought some freedom showed Russia's true intent. ■ ■

YOUR NAME CAN BE ON HIS DOOR*



* The plaque reminds the student, who is studying to be a missionary, to pray daily for you and yours.

When you plan a living memorial for a loved one, select a student's room in Maryknoll Seminary, Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Offering: \$1,500.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$.....toward the \$1,500 needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll Seminary, Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

World Recipes

FRIDAY DISHES



■ **FRIDAY** menus have long been a problem for many housewives who try to put variety into their meals. Here are some dishes from around the world which may give that different touch.

BACHELOR'S SALAD (Bolivia)

2 cups cottage cheese
salt
pepper
1 onion chopped
1 cup chopped tomatoes
pimento
parsley

The Bolivians call this "Bachelor's Salad" because it is easy to make and needs no cooking. Cottage cheese can be purchased, or can be made by allowing milk to sour in a covered jar in a warm place until the whey is separated. Drain the curd in a cotton bag until solid to touch. Cool in refrigerator for several hours. Cream the cheese with fork until smooth. Salt and pepper

to taste. Mix in onions and tomatoes. Mold in custard cups and serve over lettuce leaves. Bolivians add a finely chopped hot pepper, called *locoto*, as garnish. Pimento and parsley may be substituted. *Yields 4 servings.*

FISH CURRY (Pakistan)

1 cup yoghurt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon powdered turmeric
1 teaspoon powdered coriander
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon powdered ginger
¼ teaspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon oregano
¼ cup chopped onion
4 fish fillets
½ cup vegetable oil
½ teaspoon cumin seeds

Thoroughly blend all the ingredients except last three (fish, oil and cumin seeds). An electric blender or food mill is recommended. Cut fish fillets in half. Roll each half

and arrange in shallow baking dish. Mix oil and cumin seeds in a skillet, heat until dark brown. Add the blended ingredients and brown, stirring constantly. Pour mixture over fish. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350°F.). *Makes 8 servings.*

STUFFED FILLETS (Portugal)

2 pounds fish fillets
salt
pepper
1 lemon
1 small glass white wine
white sauce
1 cup cooked shrimps
bread crumbs
1 egg
½ cup vegetable oil

Cut fillets in rectangles. Season with salt and pepper. Add few drops of lemon juice, and wine. Let soak for an hour. Add shrimps to thick white sauce and allow to get cold. Stuff fillets with shrimp sauce, roll in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, then again in crumbs. Fry in oil (or hot fat). Serve with tomato sauce. *Yields 6 servings.*

TEMBURA (Japan)

2½ cups water
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup soy sauce
1 egg
½ cup flour
10 small shrimp
5 scallops
2 lobster tails

10 mushroom caps
5 green peppers
vegetable oil
grated ginger
grated radish

First prepare shrimp and lobster tails. Remove head and shell from shrimp. Put lobster tails into rapidly boiling water. This will harden the meat. Remove and shell carefully. Cut the lobster meat into mouth-size pieces. Next, prepare *tare* sauce by boiling 2 cups of water, sugar, and soy sauce. Beat egg. Lightly blend egg, flour, and half cup of water. Dip seafood, mushrooms and quartered peppers into batter. Deep fry in oil. Put *tare* sauce in small, individual bowls, making in center of each bowl a mound of radish and ginger. Dip seafood and vegetables into *tare* before eating. *Serves 5.*

STEAMED SPICED FISH (Laos)

4 fillets (oily fish)
1 pound fish roe
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
4 spring onions, chopped fine

Cut fillets into 1-inch pieces. Blend well with roe, salt, pepper, onions. Divide mixture into quarters. Wrap each quarter in aluminum foil. Steam above gently boiling water for 45 minutes in steamer. Serve with steamed rice. A crushed clove of garlic may be added to mixture. Fish used should be of oily variety, as shad or mackerel. *Will make 4 servings.* ■ ■

Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Race Question

The story by the Negro nun was so good that I passed my used copy to a colored girl who works at the store where I work. She wants all my used copies.

MRS. HELEN M. ONDREJCAK
Johnstown, Pa.

Please send me three extra copies of the issue with the story, "I Am a Negro." At present Florida is in danger of race trouble. I am happy to see Catholic organizations proving that we approve of justice for all of God's creatures.

MRS. EARL E. ROOSEN
St. Petersburg, Fla.

I am neither for nor against racial segregation. But we do not need atheistic communism pushing us into equality. I have seen documents that prove that Communists were at work three full years, fostering the Little Rock incident. Rather than write articles of any racial opinions, would it not be better to publish the true facts about communism and expose it for what it is — the greatest present day enemy to free worship of God? Too many Americans are uninformed and unwittingly support the aims of communism.

NAME WITHHELD
New York City

Check Luke 11:23

We wish to congratulate Sister Francesca for her article. It teaches a wonderful lesson to us white folks, some of whom are small enough to think that God created the world for the Caucasian race only. Let us hope that the intolerant white folks, who, because of pride, spend their summers working up the blackest tan they can get, will soon find pride in the dignity of all of God's children. World peace can only come through love, tolerance, and understanding.

HELEN G. McKENNA
Los Angeles

I am not subscribing to MARYKNOLL any more because some of your articles and editorials could be better edited. For example, "The Blindness of Bigotry" and "I Am a Negro." Without realizing it, you are encouraging racial emotions. You are being duped by Commie propaganda.

NAME WITHHELD
New York City

Maryknoll was founded in the principles that Christ died for every member of the human race and that all men are equal in the sight of God. An injustice against any man anywhere is an injustice against God. This is Catholic doctrine, not Communist propaganda. It is unfortunate that Christians have allowed Communists to seize the initiative in preaching mankind's basic spiritual equality.

Thank You

What a wonderful response I received to my request for Catholic books, magazines, and pamphlets! Packages came from all over the States. Studies prevent me from writing to all who were so kind and I would appreciate it if you would print my thanks and those of my fellow seminarians who will use this material.

MELITON FALCON

Candijay, P.I.

Second Reason

I am only ten years old but I feel I have read your MARYKNOLL for years. I had never heard of this book till one Sunday when a Maryknoll priest came to our church. He said one dollar would buy one subscription, luckily I had one dollar. I really enjoy knowing what is going on in the world. I really feel lucky when I see pictures of children sleeping on wooden pillows, wearing torn clothes. I'm really lucky. The real reason I wrote you this letter is to tell you I've moved.

BETSY KRASOWSKI

Oil City, Pa.

Firsthand

I am a member of the United States Army, stationed in Pusan, Korea. I have seen firsthand the works of the Maryknoll Fathers and Sisters here in Korea. I can truthfully say that no matter how little or how much a person contributes to this work, it is well worthwhile. I wish every contributor could see as I do the works of the missions. Then each would come to realize the many pressing needs of the missionary priest. I myself contribute a little each month and I would like to encourage others to do the same.

SP 3 EUSEBIUS R. HEADE

APO 59, San Francisco

Exception

Those of us who are well-fed, crotchety, and hypercritical, thank you for the reminder that two-thirds of the world's population aren't doing so well in the basic necessities of life. I am no expert on anything but my "good angel" tells me that the social and economic evils which hinder the production and distribution of basic necessities are somehow tied with our selfishness, hate and snobbery. I disagree with you in the high place you assign literacy as something that must be done. I would not for the world derogate the ability to read and write. However, by looking about me, I find more "divils" who can read and talk than "divils" who are illiterates.

BOB MASS

Cincinnati

Need

We are in the Air Force and because of the way we move about the subscription we once had has lost us and long expired. After the visit of one of your missionaries to our parish school, our eleven-year-old son informs us that he wants to be a Maryknoller when he grows up. My husband is in the Far East with the Air Force right now, and Johnny wrote and told him about it. We feel we need your magazine.

MRS. JOHN McMILLIN

Ridley Park, Pa.

Booster

Ever since I subscribed for your magazine, I have enjoyed it very much. The minute I get it, I read it from cover to cover. I am sorry I didn't know about it a long time ago. The only thing wrong with it is that I have to wait a whole month before receiving the next one.

MARY LENEGER

New Hartford, N. Y.

Start the New Year by answering a Maryknoll missionary's **WANT AD!**

Help raise 1,200 pairs of Indian knees off the ground of a chapel in Peru. Pews, costing \$50 each, will do it.

100 Spanish books will start a mission Lending Library for Mayan Indians, Central America. \$2 provides a book.

It's chilly in Chile! The winter is long. Firewood, at \$5 a cord, will help take the chill off the church, school, priest's bungalow.

A memorial altar can be donated for a straw-roofed chapel in Central America, for \$100; or a Mass kit, for \$150.



Mass wine and hosts required for Shinyanga mission, Africa, can be supplied for \$50.

St. Anne's Church, Miaoli, Formosa, lacks windows, costing \$20 each. How many, please?

A hand-powered drill press and drills, to keep mission machinery in repair, in Riberalta, Bolivia, costs \$50. Interested?

You may light the sanctuary lamp of a chapel in the Philippines, for your intention, for one year. Cost of oil is \$25.



HALF OF ALL THE CONVERTS to the Church each year, live in the bush countries of Africa.

These converts lack money and live by a simple exchange of things they produce.

Select one of these items which our missionaries require to provide for their African converts.

Tabernacle.....	\$250	Christmas Crib	\$100
Monstrance.....	250	Side Altar	100
Statue of Sacred Heart.....	220	Set of Candlesticks (side altar) .	75
Statue of Blessed Mother	200	Crucifix (main altar)	75
Set of Stations of Cross.....	150	Set of Vestments	35
Baptismal Font	150	Set of Altar Cards.....	30
Set of Candlesticks (main altar)	150	One Pew	10
Sanctuary Lamp.....	100	Classroom Crucifix.....	3
Large Outdoor Crucifix.....	100		

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Maryknoll Fathers,

I wish to start the New Year with a gift to God for a mission chapel. I enclose \$..... for.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.... State.....

Missioners Came First!

ALABAMA

Missioners in America

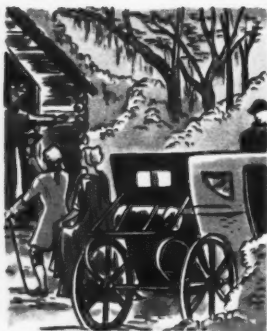
Alabama consists of a single diocese, Mobile-Birmingham, which has slightly less than one hundred thousand Catholics in over three million inhabitants.



1. The first priest to enter the State was a chaplain in the 1540 expedition of Hernando De Soto.



2. In 1560, five Dominicans established a colony at Nanipao but Indians forced withdrawal.



3. French Jesuits arrived in 1702 and two years later began a parish church at Fort Louis.



4. Until 1722, the area was part of the Diocese of Quebec; but in 1829, Mobile was named see city.



5. In 1830, Spring Hill College was founded. Today this school has numbers over a thousand students.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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